

Sunday Stroll by TheOlderDixonBoy

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Summary:

You enjoy taking walks in the morning by yourself, but when Jim Hopper starts to drive by and say good morning each day, you begin to truly look forward to them. It also doesn't hurt that you're pretty sure Chief Hopper enjoys these meetings as well.

Sunday Stroll

You left your apartment while the ground was still covered in ice, making your morning walk a particularly dangerous activity. You walked down Kerley, turning down Cornwallis at a slow steady pace, trying to get your morning exercise in without slipping and falling. You always enjoyed starting your morning with a walk, getting your exercise in and behind you so you could focus on the rest of your day. It was also nice to walk down the streets of Hawkins when they were quiet, or quieter than usual and were able to keep your head clear. Strange things had been going on recently, and although the worst of these things were behind the town now, Hawkins felt a bit different now that the stories of what happened to the Byers had come out. You were lost in thought, thinking about which of the rumors about what really happened were and were not true when you heard the sound of tires rolling along the road slowly behind you.

You turned your head and saw it was the only sheriff's car in town, which meant it must have been Jim Hopper. Occasionally you'd see him on your morning walks or around town and he always stopped to say hi. He was a handsome, but lonely man who lived on the outskirts of town and kept mostly to himself since his divorce. You had heard he had a hand in what happened with the Byers, but never asked him during your small talk with him. You tried not to think too much of your encounters with Hopper, as frequent as they had become, because you'd tricked yourself into thinking others cared more for you than they did in the past.

"Mornin'," you heard Jim's voice from the cruiser as he rolled alongside you.

"Morning cheif," you answered back.

"Bit icy," Jim said with a nod, his eyes hooded underneath his wide brimmed hat. "Don't slip. I'd hate to have to take you to the hospital for something like this."

"So if I slip, I should call you to take me, not an ambulance?" You said, Jim's suggestion making your cheeks, already pink from the

cold, turn a shade of red.

“Yeah,” Jim said, his voice trailing off. He continued to drive his cruiser slow as possible next to you as you walked down the street towards town and seemed to notice the ridiculousness of this all at once. “Why don’t you stop walking for a second?”

“Why?” You said, stopping so suddenly that Jim had to slam his brakes on a car going not much more than a few miles an hour.

“Because,” Jim said, his brow furrowed, but he couldn’t think of a way to finish his thought.

“You could always get out and walk with me,” you offered. You knew Jim was no longer in as good of shape as he had been in the past, the smoking and drinking taking a toll on his body in his now older age.

Jim looked at you for a few moments, trying to think of a reason he couldn’t walk with you other than the fact that he had an aversion to exercise.

“I have work,” he grumbled.

“I’m sure that’s why you’re bothering some innocent young woman walking down the road in the morning?” You quipped back.

“You really all that innocent?” Jim said back, his voice faltering at the last moment, his words clearly surprising himself. “I need to make it back to the station to check in. I’ll leave you to your walk.”

Jim sped up and drove away before you had time to reply to his comment about your innocence, but you couldn’t help but smile broadly at the cruiser as he drove away. Maybe Hopper did enjoy speaking to you as much as you did him.

Over the next few weeks on your morning walks, Jim would drive on by and speak to you, always refusing your offer to go for a walk with you, but always trying to make small talk, which he was awful at. One morning, however, you had just too much to do that day to fit in a walk in the morning so you skipped it and started your to do list for the day early. Jim noticed as he drove down the streets he’d usually find you at and was genuinely worried about you. You found this out

when he knocked on your door at around seven that evening.

You opened the door, not sure who to expect, and saw Jim standing at your front door in his jeans and one of his flannels, a stern look on his face.

“Oh, evening Chief,” you said, taken aback. You were struck, as you often were, at how tall and large the man really was. You were also happy to see he had let his beard grow in more than he had before, his face now covered in thick dark hair that suited him very much.

“Sorry to bother you, Y/N, just wanted to make sure you’re alright,” Jim said, his voice firm and even, the deep tone of it making you feel significantly warmer.

“I am fine. Why? Did something happen?” You asked, worried that the town was having more odd happenings.

“No. No, not that,” Jim said, looking down and pushing his tongue into the side of his cheek. It was, to you, adorable to see such a large man look embarrassed. “Just didn’t see you on your walk this morning.”

“Oh,” you said, trying not to grin too wide or get too giddy at knowing at Jim did in fact look forward to seeing you every morning. “I just had a lot to do, so I skipped the walk.”

“Oh, oh, good. That’s good,” Jim said, nodding. “Hope you got everything done. Just wanted to make sure you were all good and safe.”

“I did, thank you,” you said with a nod.

The two of you stood there awkwardly for a bit, neither sure of what to say. Jim finally broke the silence with a nod and a closed mouth smile.

“Well, I’m gonna get going,” He said, smiling at you. “Just wanted to check in on you.”

“Thank you for checking, Chief,” you said, and then added, as an afterthought, “I’ll be going for a walk tomorrow, if you ya know,

want to visit again.”

Jim just grunted and nodded, turning around and walking back to his car as you shut the door behind you. You spent the rest of the evening with a grin on your face that would not go away.

The following morning you stepped out for your walk with a bit of pep in your step, knowing full well you'd see Jim that morning. You kept trying not to turn around every time you heard the sound of something that could be his car, not wanting Jim to know just how excited you were to see him. About fifteen minutes into your walk, you heard the unmistakable sound of Jim's cruiser on the pavement and did your absolute best to stifle your grin.

“Mornin’,” Jim said, holding his thermos of coffee out the window and raising it slightly at you in greeting. “Nice to see you.”

“Nice to see you, too,” you said, stopping and turning towards Jim, grinning. “I'm safe, you see.”

“Yeah, I see that,” Jim said, looking down and shaking his head. “Good thing I checked on your last night.”

“Oh yeah, really saved me, Chief,” you said with a laugh. You started to walk again, happy to see that Jim took his foot off the break of his car to follow you as you walked.

“Maybe I could check in on you again,” Jim said, quieter and softer than you were used to hearing his voice.

“Oh yeah,” you said, looking straight ahead at the road, not trusting yourself to look at Jim.

“Yeah, get something to eat or something,” Jim said, taking a sip of coffee and studying your face for your reaction, ready to speed away at the first sign of rejection.

“Oh, yeah, we could,” you said, trying to sound cool, but inside your heart was beating rapidly against your chest. You were pretty darn sure Jim Hopper just asked you out on a date, but you were not going to ask to make sure.

“Okay,” Jim said, nodding and finishing off the last of his mug. “Tonight work?”

“Yeah, tonight works,” you said. “About six-thirty would be perfect.”

“Six-thirty it is,” Jim answered back. You looked at one another for a minute before Jim nodded and gave you another of his closed mouth smiles before telling you to have a nice day and drove away.

You spent the rest of your walk, and your day, with a grin on your face that refused to fade.

That evening, you were dressed and ready to go by six, your excitement almost embarrassing to even yourself. You shouldn’t like a fully grown man like Jim Hopper this much. This divorcee with a bad attitude and a tendency to drink too much according to rumor should not make you feel like a giddy teenager, but he did. You figured you were allowed to feel this way if you wanted, living in a small town as a single woman like you had for years was not the most enjoyable thing. You sat on your couch and waited for Jim. You were excited, worried, and your mind was thinking of everything that could go wrong.

He could not show up. He could think it odd that you were ready to go when he arrived. Shouldn’t you make the man wait? That’s what you always saw in the movies, but you didn’t see how making a man wait was a good thing. Besides, you thought you looked nice, in a simple dress with your hair up. Maybe Jim wasn’t going to take you to a place where a dress was appropriate. Your head wouldn’t stop spinning until you finally heard the doorbell ring at almost exactly six thirty. You jumped up off the couch and had to calm yourself, careful not to open the door so quickly so that Jim didn’t think you were too eager. You took a deep breath before you answered the door.

You sighed when you saw the man on the doorstep again, wearing a very similar flannel shirt and jeans he had on the night before, except this time his hair was brushed and he had obviously trimmed up his beard. He looked good. You smiled at him.

“Good evening,” Jim said, a small smile playing at the corner of his

mouth.

“Hello, Jim,” you said sweetly.

“Ready to go?” He asked.

“Yeah, just need to grab my bag,” you answered as you turned away from the door to grab your small bag near the door.

“You look nice,” Jim said, looking you up and down as you closed your door behind you. “You should lock your door.”

“Oh, okay,” you said. You had to admit you only remembered to lock your front door behind you about fifty percent of the time, but had never had any issues.

“Sorry, I’d just hate to have to come back here for a home break in or robbery,” Jim said, embarrassed that he snapped an order at you when he was trying to be kind.

“That’s very sweet of you,” you said as you checked your door to make sure it was locked. “So where are we going this evening?”

“Dinner and dancing?” Jim asked.

“You dance?” You said, trying not to laugh too much.

“Fuck yeah, shit, I mean yes I do,” Jim stuttered. He turned away from you and shook his head before he grabbed your hand and lead you to his car. He opened the door to his car and let you in, something that made you have to stifle a giggle. Jim’s awkwardness made you feel giddy.

Your first night with Jim went well. The two of you ate and drank and danced, Jim admittedly a bit awkward on the dance floor, but the man did enjoy himself, and so did you. You joked with him having to take quite a few breaks while dancing, telling him he should consider going for your walks with you, but he just laughed it off.

At the end of the evening he dropped you off, kissing you sweetly on the lips and asking if you’d be willing to do this again. You said of

course.

One your second date, Jim took you to dinner and you two talked about your plans for the holidays and movies you had recently seen. At the end of the evening he drove you home with his hand placed sweetly on your mid thigh and when he kissed you goodnight his hands brushed up against your hips and his tongue found its way into your mouth, kissing you deeply for a few seconds before finally saying goodnight.

On your third date, he took you dancing again. This time, sometime between your third slower dance, with your body pressed up closer to his than you had been before, his cologne and the smell of smoke mixing together on his clothes to create the most delicious scent, you decided you were going to let him take you back to his place if he asked. He did, and the two of you drove back to Jim's house in almost silence.

When you got there, he walked you to his front door and let you inside. The two of you made no act about what you were there to do, and you found yourself pressing your lips to his and moaning when he slipped his tongue into your mouth.

"Can we go to my bedroom?" Jim asked between sloppy kisses placed along your jawline.

"Yes, good idea," you said, laughing softly when he growled and pushed you backwards down the hall towards his bedroom door. Halfway there he grabbed your hand and pulled you into his room, shutting the door behind him.

Once the door was shut he immediately began to kiss you again, walking backwards to his bed until he hit the end of it with the back of his knees and fell into it with a thump. You lost your balance and fell into him, your teeth crashing into his lips and your legs awkwardly jamming into his.

"Shit," Jim Said, holding onto you to try to steady you. "Sorry."

You regained your balance and stood in front of him, with him sitting down you were finally able to be eyeline with him.

“Don’t worry about it,” you said, starting to kiss him again, your arms running down his chest and starting to unbutton his shirt. “It’s cute.”

“Cute,” he said with a groan. “Cute. Definitely what I was going for.”

“And sexy,” you said after you got his buttons undone and were starting to pull his shirt off over his shoulders. “Very sexy too.”

“That’s better,” Jim said.

He finished taking off his shirt, his undershirt still on underneath, and stood up. It took you by surprise, enabling him to grab you by the waist and toss you onto his bed. He crawled over to you, his large body hovering over yours, panting slightly, and started to slip your shirt off over your head. Once it was off he immediately began to unbutton your pants, making you kick your shoes off hastily so you didn’t get tangled in your own clothes.

“Someone’s eager,” you said with a laugh, starting to unbuckle Jim’s belt.

“Been trying to talk to you while you’ve walked for months now,” Jim said, sitting up and watching you unbutton his pants. “Wanted to take you out for that long as well. Fuck yeah I’m eager.”

“Took you that long to be brave enough to ask me?” you said with a grin. You pulled down Jim’s pants down to his mid thighs, his boxers and undershirt still on and pulled him down to kiss him again. “Thought you had to be brave to be a cop.”

Jim kissed you back, not bothering you answer you back because he knew you were right, his tongue softly moving around your mouth, his stubble scratching your cheeks, the contrasting feelings driving you insane. You pushed your hips into his, urging him to move things along more, a fire had settled into your belly and was now spreading through your entire body. Your breathing quickened. Your hands ran over the curve of Jim’s stomach and grasped at Jim’s undershirt to tug it off of him.

He finished lifting it off of his body and you ran your hands along the

hair on his chest, his body soft and warm but there was muscle underneath it all. He was a large man, his warmth and presence consuming you as he hovered over you, grinding into you as Jim become more desperate to have you. When he reached down to pull your panties down your legs, he did so slowly, breaking the kiss to look you in the eyes, making sure there was no sign of hesitation in your face. He sat up, pulling your underwear off of your legs completely and then running his fingers up your legs from your calves softly. Goosebumps stood out against your skin and your breathing quickened as Jim spread your legs open so he could move between them.

You arched your back up at him, hinting at him to take your bra off. Jim got the hint and unclasped your bra with a grunt, grinning when he was able to undo it the first time he tried. When he saw your breasts bare in front of him, he groaned again, his large, warm hands instantly going to grasp your chest. His hands softly ran over the sensitive skin, rubbing each of your nipples until they stood up hard, making you groan and grow ever more desperate for the man still hovering over you.

You ran your hands down his chest, his skin moist with sweat, and reached the top of his underwear, playing with the elastic on his waist band.

Jim had himself propped up on his arms and was looking down at you starting to pull down his underwear with his breath held. You looked up at him, but your lip, and ran your hands over the hair that ran just below the waistline of his underwear.

“Are you trying to kill me?” Jim asked, a grin at the corner of his mouth.

“Maybe,” you said with a laugh. You ran your hand down along the front of his underwear, cupping his half erect cock in the palm of your hand and squeezing softly.

Jim hissed out a breath and ran one of his hands down your side and over to between your legs. He ran his fingers along your thighs and then ran a single finger along your soaked slit. You arched up into his chest, a moan escaping your lips as Jim’s touches sent the warmth in

your stomach on fire.

You couldn't take it anymore, and pulled Jim's underwear down his legs. He rolled off of you so he could kick them the rest of the way off, and before he had time to settle over you again, you threw your leg over his lap and started to kiss him deeply.

Jim groaned into your mouth, taken aback by how forward you had become. He broke the kiss to start sucking at your neck, his hand gripping your ass, the other lightly stroking one of nipples.

"You're fucking gorgeous," Jim moaned into your neck. He had pushed you over so he was back on top, his kisses moving down your neck to kiss along your breasts, his tongue swirling around one of your nipples.

"Fuck, Jim," you moaned aloud, moving your hand down his stomach to start to stroke his cock to full length.

It felt warm and thick in your hands, and as you coaxed him to full hardness, you couldn't help but smile at the effect you were having on the man you've thought about for such a long time.

"You ready?" Jim whispered against your ear, his breath ragged and his beard tickling your skin.

"Yes, Jim, please," you moaned, still softly stroking his cock.

He moved your hand away and gripped his own cock in his hand, lining himself up to your soaked opening, the heat of the head of his cock mixing with the heat on your skin. Your body tensed when Jim first pushed into you, his cock stretching your walls, but as his head entered you completely, you relaxed and felt as though you had melted into Jim's bed.

Jim looked down at you, his eyes wide and his breathing slow and he started to roll his hips into yours, every single one of his movements sending a deep, tingling sensation through your core. You moaned in time with his thrusts, his stomach rubbing up against yours, and your hands gripping onto his back.

"Jim, oh god, baby, harder," you moaned, feeling yourself rising to

orgasm but knowing you needed just a bit more.

Jim started to snap his hips into yours harder, his breathing becoming deeper. He started to grunt and lose his rhythm a minute later and had to readjust himself above you and continue to push into you, a bit slower this time.

“Fuck, you’re, fucking, god, amazing,” Jim gasped out. His breathing was quickening, sweat beading along his brow.

“Keep going baby, I’m close,” you gasped, feeling yourself build back up to the edge of climax.

His breathing became ragged as he continued to thrust up into you, his physique not what it used to be, and years of drinking and smoking, coupled with stress and exhaustion taking its toll on his stamina.

“Fuck,” he mumbled under his breath as he stopped his movements to shift his weight once again. He started to thrust into you erratically, making you shift underneath him uncomfortably for a few seconds before an idea came to you.

“Come here,” you panted out, pushing on Hopper’s shoulder so he rolled over onto his back, slipping out of you in the process. You straddled his lap, placing your hand on his chest to steady yourself as you guided him back into you. You took a moment to adjust to his size again before you began to rock your hips in a circular motion, your hands rested on Hopper’s chest as you rode him slowly and steadily.

Jim looked up at you, his hands on your hips, gripping you tightly, with a slack jawed expression of pure pleasure. It had admittedly been a while for him and even though he was embarrassed that he couldn’t quite keep up with you, he was more than happy to let you take the lead. He looked up at you like he didn’t quite believe you were real; like at any moment he’d wake up and realize he’d have to rub one out before work again. It took him a few moments of watching your hips grind against his, your eyelids flutter when you found that sweet spot. Only when you moaned his name softly did he snap back to reality and come to terms with the fact that this was

real.

“You keep doing that,” Hopper mumbled, his voice deep and breathy. He closed his eyes and rested his head back against the pillow. When you shifted your position so you ride him faster, he let out a deep groan and whispered, more to himself than you, “fuck, that’s good.”

“Mhm, it’s good,” you whispered back. You closed your eyes and tilted your head back, rocking your hips rhythmically against Jim, a slow languid heat spreading through your lower body. You could feel your legs getting sore, the position you were in making you flex and move your legs constantly, but you had no intention of stopping. You were close, so close.

You opened your eyes when you felt Jim twitch inside of you and his grip on your hips tighten. He made eye contact with you and let out a steady stream of fucks and huffed breaths as he reached his climax. You took it upon yourself to rub hard, fast strokes against your clit as you continued to move over and onto him, tipping yourself over the edge while you moaned Jim’s name and scraped the nails of your other hand down his chest.

As the two of you caught your breath, you stayed in Jim’s lap, his softening cock still inside of you. You made no move to get off his lap as you let the last little waves of your orgasm wash over you. You brushed your hair out of your eyes and looked down at Jim and laughed softly.

Jim huffed out a laugh in response. He ran his hands down off your hips, small red marks from his grip left behind, and ran his large hands down your thighs. He slapped the middle of your thighs lightly with his palms, making the both of you laugh again.

“That, that was,” Jim said, still out of breath, his voice deep and steady and utterly content. “Yeah, that was good.”

“Yeah, it was,” you said softly. You leaned forward, your hands running over his chest and up to his face. You took his face in your hands, his heavy stubble scratching against your palms, and kissed him. You leaned forward to deepen the kiss, letting Jim finally slip out of you. You groaned into Jim’s mouth. “Real good.”

You slipped one of your legs off of Jim's lap and moved down so you were lying next to him one hand on his chest, the other above his shoulder, your fingertips brushing the nape of his neck. Jim sighed into your touch, wrapping his arms around you and pulling you closer to him. His breathing was still elevated and he kept letting out little groans and breathy sighs as he came down from his high.

"I gotta work out," he grumbled as he ran one of his hands over his face. He laughed softly trying to hide his slight embarrassment. "Can't keep up with you."

"You could go for my walks with me," you said, smiling up at him.

Jim let out a gruff laugh. "Yeah, I'll get right on that."

"You should," you whispered. You ran your hand over his chest, feeling the hair that covered the soft skin hiding the muscle you knew had to be underneath. "The more in shape you are, the more fun I can have with you."

"So that mean you're gonna fuck me again?" Hopper asked. He removed his arms from around you so he could reach over to his nightstand and grab his cigarettes and lighter. He put a cigarette between his lips and lit it.

You rolled your eyes and let out a sigh at Jim's frank language, but you didn't mind it one bit. Despite your better judgement, you found yourself finding the way the cigarette dangled from his lips to be oddly sexy. You sat up and looked at Jim, who raised his eyebrows at you sarcastically as he took a long drag.

"I might," you said, trying to sound like you weren't already thinking about throwing your leg over his lap again.

Jim nodded and settled down deeper into his bed. He thought about how he hadn't slept on it in a couple weeks, having been passing out on his couch under a thin blanket. He looked over at you, lying in his bed, naked, your hair slightly disheveled, your lips swollen from him kissing them, and breathing still slightly elevated and didn't know quite what to do. He furrowed his brow and took a deep drag on his cigarette.

“What?” You asked him softly. You nestled back into Jim’s arms and began to run your fingertips of one of your hands in lazy circles over the hair on his chest.

“Nothing. Wore me out,” He said, his voice deeper and more gravely than you’d heard before as he began to fall asleep. He took his cigarette out of his mouth just long enough to kiss you on the top of your head.

It wasn’t nothing though. He felt content with you in his bed, happy even. The kind, beautiful women who he spoke to everyday being in his bed was a good thing, a very good thing. But the entire thing terrified him. Happy little things like this broke and burned and disappeared in his hands. And so he just kept looking at you, falling asleep curled up next to him, and felt compelled to ask you to leave. To tell you to go back to your place but he couldn’t. He didn’t want to. He wanted you here. It was the most terrifying thing he’d faced in months, having you in his bed, but it felt right.

He was about to nod off when he felt a slight brushing against his lips and his eyes jolted open.

“Wha-, what the hell?” He grumbled, sitting up.

“You’ll burn us alive,” you said softly.

And for one horrifying moment Jim thought you figured out his deepest fear and just how dangerous it was to get close to him before he realized you had grabbed the cigarette butt out of his mouth and put it out on the ashtray next to his bed.

“Oh, thanks,” Jim mumbled. He looked at you for a moment, trying to gather his thoughts and his composure and had to take a few deep breaths to calm himself.

You let out a small noise to let him know you heard him and settled back down to sleep, halfway there already. Jim stayed awake for a few more hours, feeling the weight of your body pressed against him and watching the sun come up slowly through his bedroom window. He tried to focus on your breathing and how calm you looked in your sleep. He tried to ignore the anxiety running through him telling him

to light another smoke and grab another drink. Eventually he got up to grab a beer from the fridge and finished half of it before leaving it on the nightstand and settled down to sleep again. It only took him another two hours to fall asleep after that.

You woke up an hour or so later, still in Jim's arms, but it was obvious he had moved during the night. You saw the opened beer on the nightstand you knew wasn't there when you went to sleep and sighed. You sat up and watched Jim sleep. His brow wasn't furrowed and his jaw wasn't clenched. You thought he even looked pleasant for the first time in years. You thought maybe you should go, leave a note saying thank you and that he could call you whenever, but that felt wrong.

You got out of bed, grabbed your shirt and underwear, and put them on. You went into Jim's kitchen to make coffee. You found what looked to be the only coffee cup in the place and poured yourself a cup. And then two more. A few hours later Jim walked into the kitchen, wearing only his boxers, one of his eyes closed and his hair going every which way. He looked almost surprised to see you in his kitchen, probably thinking that since you weren't in his bed you'd decided to leave before he got up.

He went to pour himself a cup of coffee but then realized you had his only cup. You got up and handed him the cup, rubbing his back with your other hand. You stood on your tiptoes to kiss him lightly on the cheek.

"I'll bring my own cup next time, chief. Promise," you said, smiling at him.

You were clearly more awake than Jim, who just turned his mouth up in half a smile and poured himself a cup of coffee. The two of you moved to sit at his kitchen table and looked at one another silently while Jim sipped his coffee. After two cups, Jim was able to form words.

"Mornin'," he grumbled, lifting his cup half heartedly in your direction.

"Morning sunshine," you said with a laugh. "How ya feeling."

“Like utter shit, but it’s not my worst Sunday morning,” Jim said with a shrug.

“Do you eat in the mornings?” You asked. Having been awake for a few hours, you were getting quite hungry, but didn’t want to go through his cabinets.

“Yup,” Jim nodded. He gestured to his fridge and grumbled “Got some eggs. Bread is in the cabinet for toast.”

“I’ll make us some,” you said. “How do you like your eggs?”

“Cooked,” Jim said, laughing at his own joke.

You looked at the man, smirking to himself as he took another large sip of coffee, his stomach folding over in rolls as he sat on the small chair in his kitchen, his hair poking each and every way. You smirked to yourself at how cute this large, bear of a man looked, and set to work, wiping the dusty pan off before putting it on the stove and turning the heat on.

“After this, we can go for a walk, get some exercise,” you said with a firm nod.

“Gotta go to work. Can’t. Sorry,” Jim said with a shrug.

“You have never been on time to work, and you’re not going to start now because you don’t wanna exercise, Jim Hopper,” you snapped at him. You cracked four eggs into the pan, two for each of you, and turned to face him again. “You’re going for a walk with me, and that’s that.”

Jim finished his coffee and just looked at you, making him breakfast in his kitchen and felt that odd fear come over him again. This was too normal, too good for the morning after sleeping with someone for the first time, but he swallowed that fear down with another large sip of coffee. He just watched you and couldn’t hide the smile on his face. He thanked you when you put two eggs sunny side up and a piece of toast in front of him. You both ate quietly, looking at one another with neutral expressions on your face as you both chewed. There was a lot both of you needed to say to one another, but this

was neither the time nor the place.

Sunday mornings were not meant to start conversations about relationships. They were meant for coffee, toast, and going for walks.